

ΒΑΤΤΕΛΛΟΜΕΝΑΙΧΑΙ:

OR:

THE WONDERFULL and bloudy Battell betweene Frogs and Mice.

The occasion of their falling out: Their
Preparation, Munition, and resolution for the
warres: The severall combats of every person of
*worth, with many other memorable
accidents.*

Interlaced with divers pithy and morall senten-
ces, no lesse pleasant to be read, then profitable
to be observed.

Paraphrastically done into English Heroicall
verse, by *William Fowler*, late one of the Cur-
tors of his Majesties high Court of Chancery.



LONDON:

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be sold at his shop in *Holthorne*, at Chancery
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Homer. K

*Perlege Meonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.*

Martialis in Xenia, 183.



To the vertuous, courteous, and worshipfull Gentle-
man, Master *Robert Greenwood* of *Westerton*,
health, with the happinesse of both worlds.

S Vch loving favours from your sonne I found,
So kinde affection at your Worships hand,
Though undeserved, that I still am bound,
And unto you and yours obliged stand:
And though that *green* branch, which ay-springing
As chiefeſt crowne or garland to your *wood*, (stood,
Be by the ſtroke of Fate quite cut away,
Ne're ſhall a thankleſſe nature in me ſway.

No lofty Cedar, though in height he paſſe
Each ſev'rall plant which deſert forreſts yeeld;
No Laurell, though *Apollo's* tree it was;
No Pine for ſhippes, no Oke ordayn'd to build,
Nor any ſhrub was halfe ſo deare to me,
As was that branch falne from the *Greenwoods* tree:
Which though, as dead, entomb'd in earth it lyes,
A day will come, we hope to ſee it riſe.

Here (worthy Sir) doe I preſent to you
The timely Buds of my froſt-bitten Spring,
And though this triſle not deſerve your view,
Yet ſuch a triſle once did *Homer* ſing,
Adorn'd with robes, ſpun from the wooll of Greece,
Homely by me now clad in *English* fleece:
Albeit no pleaſure in this toy you take,
Yet deigne a kinde aſpect for *Hargreves* ſake,

*The unworthy wel-willer of your
Worships welfare,*

WILLIAM FOVLDES.



To the Reader in generall.



Avi^{ng} of late, for mine owne exercise at vacant houres, consummated the translation of this little Booke, I now boldly adventure to commit it to the Presse, being the rather induced therunto by the encouragement of certaine of mine acquaintance: not that I seeke hereby to winne praise, or publish this for any devotion in print, since I am verily perswaded, it deserves not the least title of commendation: and I hold it as a maxime with Lylie, that he which commeth in print, because he would be known, is like the foole that goeth into the market, because he would be seene. Onely I hope, that this my simple labour will be a spurre to the riper wits of our time, that the golden workes of this & other famous Poets, may not still lye hidden, as under a vaile or mysterye, from the weake capacitie of meaner judgements. Concerning my translation, as I cannot alt together commend it: for quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus: so neither will I wholly discommend it; in the one I might seeme arrogant; in the other be accounted foolish: and therefore puto rectius esse, ut sint mediocria omnia.

To the Reader in gen erall.

If one write never so well, he shall not please all; if never so ill, he shall please some: a dog will barke, though he lacke his teeth; and a dolt will censure, though hee want judgement. I know to some curious heads it will be thought amisse, that every verse answers not their expectation, because I have not word for word concurred with the Author in my translation: yet if they will but looke a little into the difficulty of this thing, considering the kinde of verse which I have used, I hope they will rest satisfied. I onely will answer them out of Hor. Non verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus interpres. And furthermore (besides the diversitie betweene a construction and a translation) they may know, that there are many mysteries in this writer, which uttered in English, would shew little pleasure, and in mine opinion, are better to be untouched, then to diminish the grace of the rest with tediousnesse and obscuritie: I have therefore followed the counsell of the aforesaid Horace, teaching the duty of a good Interpreter, qui, quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. By which occasion, some few sentences I have in places omitted, somewhat added, somewhat altered, and somewhat expounded: that which I have added, you shall finde noted with this marke *

The significations of the names (being indeed no names, but onely words correspondent to the nature of Frogs and Mice) ne quis in ijs hæreat, lest any should therewith be troubled, I have englished and inserted them in the verse, that the inferiour Readers should not bee

To the Reader in generall:

wearied with looking in the margent: as for the learned, they need not be instructed. I meane not to be a prejudice to any that can doe finer; onely I would desire them to beare with this my simple labour, and to accept it as a thing roughly begun, rather then polished. And if any with this will not be contented, let him take in hand, and doe it anew himselfe, and I doubt not, but he shall finde it an easier thing to controll a line or two, then to amend the whole of this interpretation. Farewell.

W. F.

To

frances walsleyes her booke

In commendation of Poetry.



*A*mong the diuers currents that do flow
From th' ever springing fountain of al art,
The perled Nectar most cōtent doth show
Which Poetry full sweetly doth impart,
Whose hony'd vapour comforteth the heart,
And under veiled fancies that doth sing,
Which doth much profit with great pleasure bring

For certs the truth (though truth no colours need
To men of understanding and ripe yeeres)
When she is masked in a seemely weed,
More faire, more sweet, and beautifull appeares,
Her tale contents the mind, and glads the eares
And makes men more attentive to her story,
That truth may still prevaile with greater glory.

For as an Image drawne in white and blacke,
Though it be well proportioned with care,
If it doe other comely colours lacke,
To beautifie the members, head, and haire,
Vnto the eye appeares not halfe so faire;
Nor with so much content doth fill the minde,
As that portrayd with colours in his kinde :

In commendation of Poetry:

Ev'n so a naked story simply told,
Though cause be true and worthy due regard,
Doth not mens hearts with such affection hold,
Nor hath the outward senses so in gard,
As doth that matter which is well declar'd,
Adorned pleasantly with tearmes and art, (heart.
Which piercing th'row the cares, doth move the

This knew the learned Poets all of yore,
This knew th'immortall Sages long agoe,
Whose workes the wisest of our age adore,
Such store of wisdom in their bookes is shone,
Such pleasure unto all, offence to none,
Such grave precepts hid under fine device,
As cares and heart with wonderment surprise.

No fable sweet Philosophy contains,
Within the sacred volumes of her cell,
Dipt in the fount, which from * Parnassus strains,
Whereas the thrice three Nymphs are said to dwell,
That barbarisme and ignorance expell:

But under vaile deepe secrets doth unfold,
Though but a tale by wanton Ovid told.

* A hill consecrate to the Muses.

By

In commendation of Poetry.

By wanton Ovid? heavenly Poesie,
Pardon the rashnesse of my infant Muse,
That I, a client to thy mysteric,
Should unadvisedly by that word abuse,
And terme him wanton, did no folly use :
For though his Muse was wanton, as he playned,
Yet Ovids life was chaste, and never stayned.

Nor sung he alwayes in a wanton lay,
And penned pleasing ditties of blinde fire :
Of deeper matters much could Ovid say,
As he whose soaring spirit mounted higher,
Than ever Poet after could aspire.
And save the famous Homer chiefe of all,
* The Prince of Poets may we Ovid call.
* Semper Virgilium excipio.

* A fountaine of the Muses.
But neither Homer, Ovid, nor the rest,
That ever tasted * Aganippes spring,
Though but to write of fables they addrest,
Which to th' unskilfull no contentment bring,
But with such arte and knowledge did them sing.
That in their volumes scarce appears one line,
Which to the learned doth not seeme divine.

In commendation of Poetry:

No vice of youth, no villany of age,
No lewd behaviour of each degree,
But in the secret myst'ries of the sage
And grave instructions of philosophy,
Clad in the habit of sweet Poesie,
Is aptly couched in some pretty fable,
As well the learned to discusse are able.

And not alone are vices set to view,
And horrid plagues attending wickednesse:
But blessed vertue with the heavenly crew,
Which ever ways upon her worthinesse,
By them are portrayed forth with comelinesse:
The meanest fable Poet e're did make,
May stand as mirrour for example sake.

For proofe whereof, read but this little booke
With understanding, knowledge, care and skill,
And thou shalt finde presented to thy looke,
Such wit and learning from the Authors quill,
Which under fine inventions meet thee still;
So pleasant objects that occurre thine * eyes,
As will thy soule with wonderment surprise.

* The eyes of thy minde.

And

In commendation of Poetry.

*And not alone shall pleasure thee awayte,
As thou perusest what I now present;
Here thou shalt have fit matter for each state,
If thou consider what hereby is ment.
Then thinke thy time herein not idly spent.
Ponder with iudgement what thou read'st at leys-
So may thy profit equalize thy pleasure. (sure.*

Batra-



ΒΑΤΕΛΛΟΜΕΝΑΧΙΑ :

O R,

The Battell betweene Frogs and Mice.

YE thrice three daughters of immortal *Iove*,
Bæotian nymphs of *Helicon* sweet spring,
Bright lamps of honor shining from above,
Where stil ye sit secure from envies sting,
Guiding the sterne of learnings sacred lore,
Vouchsafe to guide my pen, I you implore;
Your sweet consent conform my tender brest,
While I adorne my verse, as likes you best.

Deigne from your pleasant fountains of delight,
And ever-running Rivers of true skill,
Now to infuse sweet drops into my spright,
And heav'nly *Nectar* on my plants distill :
That they may grow like Bay, which ever springs,
To bud the battels of two mighty Kings,
And all the world may know how strife did rise,
Betweene renowned *Frogs* and gallant *Mice*.

The antique deeds which wanton *Ovid* told,
To be perform'd by Gyants long agoe,
When mighty hils together they inold,
Thinking to pull the Thundrer from his throne,
Compared to these battels cannot be,
„ No more then brambles to the Cedar tree,
„ Whose lofty top dare check the heav'ns faire eye,
„ When at midday he sits in majestic.

B

In

The Battell betweene

In these approved souldiers of stern *Mars*,
Manhood, or *Mars* himselfe, may seeme to dwell :
For with such valour they endur'd the warres,
That horrid death their courage could not quell.

Stout resolution in their foreheads stood,
Fighting like valiant hearts amid their blood.
And this, alas, did cause the mortall strife,
Whereby so many gallants lost their life.

The Kings owne sonne, a *Mouce* of royall state,
Next heire by birth apparent to the Crowne,
Toyled with travell, flying from the *Cat*,
Vnto a pleasant brooke to drinke came downe,
Where couching low his body on the bank,
With great delight, cold water there he dranke.
„ For though that gorged stomacks lothe strong
„ Thirst makes the King cold water (drinke,
(wine to thinke.

But while the gentle and debonayre *Mouce*,
Bathed his lips within the chanell cleare,
Quaffing most neatly many a sweet carouse,
Along the gliding current did appeare

* A gallant *Frog*, whose port and mounting pace,
Show'd him to be chiefe ruler in that place.

„ For as quicke sparkes disclose the fire to be,
So doth mans gesture show his majestie.

* *This was the King of Frogs.*

From

Frogs and Mice.

From forth the river, like to liquid glasse,
The *Frog* ascends upon the waters brim,
And seeing where the *Mouſe* lay on the grasse,
With nimble joynts he leapeth towards him;
And bending downe his fayre and yellow brest,
With kinde salutes he welcomes this new guest,
Beſeeming well a Kings high dignitie:
And thus he ſpoke with ſolemne majeſty :

Since that thou art a ſtranger, gentle *Mouſe*,
From whom doſt thou derive thy pedigree?
Declare to me thy parents and the houle,
Which have conceived ſuch a progenie,
That, if thy worth deſerve, with greater ſway,
Vnto my pallace thee I might convey :
Where I with kingly preſents will thee grace,
As ſhall befit thy vertues, and my place.

And doubt not but we can confirme our word :
For know it's ſpoken by a mighty King,
The onely Monarch of this running ford,
Which all the *Frogs* to my ſubjection bring.
My promiſe to performe, I want no ſtore,
My kingdome ſtretcheth out from ſhore to ſhore.
„ Scarce he deſerves the title of a king,
„ That wanteth meanes to accompliſh any thing.

The Battell betweene

By birth I am a King, borne to the Crowne,
And hold by right my rushie chayre of state,
Peleus my durry Sire, great in renowne,
Of *Queene Hydromedusa* me begate.
She at the flood of *Padus* did me beare,
Whose head and cheeks did put her in great feare.
And that my name and person might agree,
Blowne-checkt Physignathus she cleaped mee.

But since that valour in thy lookes doth dwell,
And *Mars* hath his abiding in thy face :
I thinke thy birth doth common *Mice* excell,
And thee descended from a higher place.
„ For majestie attends upon estate,
„ It cannot masked be, nor change his gate.
Thy Lordly lookes, thy royall birth proclaime;
Tell me thy country, kindred, and thy name.

The *Mouce* arising from the rivers brim,
Hearing the *Frog* speake with such Majestie,
With haughtie courage resaluteth him,
And thus replies with great audacitie :

- * Wherefore desirest thou to know our birth,
Famous to gods above, and men on earth?
- „ The greatest *Kesar*, and the country swaine,
- „ Of our exployts and stratagems complaine.
- * *A bold answer to a King.*

Frogs and Mice.

** Prince Eat crumme,*

I am the Prince * *Pficharpax*, which in field
Dare meet a thousand crummes within the face,
All them encounter without speare or shield,
And bravely eat them up in little space,
Borne of *Troxarta* that redoubted king,
Of whose heroick acts the world doth ring;
Both rich and poore my valiant father dread,
With so great courage he devoures their bread.

** King Eat bread.*

Lick-meale Lichomile, a royall Mounce,
My faire Queene-mother me conceiv'd hereby,
Vnder a pile of wood, behind a house :
(For at the present there the * Court did lye)
Where like the childe of *Iove*, within her lap,
I suckt sweet *Nectar* from her downe-soft pap,
Neatly she fed me in my yonger yeares
With milk, cheef-curds, nuts, apples, figs & peares.

** The Court then lay at Woodstocke.*

In vaine you wish our honour should descend
(Because our birth is of no small regard)
To taste the pleasures that your palace lend,
With store of juncats and delights prepar'd :
„ For they whose lives and natures disagree,
„ Do hardly brooke to joyne in companie.
„ Like will to like, those birds consort together,
„ Whose wings are like in colour, and of feather.

The Battell betweene

You simple *Frogs* live in the running mayne,
In brookes, in ditches, and the watry Fen.
Vpon the dry land we brave *Mice* remaine,
Where we enjoy the company of men :
We feed upon their dainties at our ease,
Eate up their bread and victuals when we please;
We passe not for their locks, nor strength of place,
,, Both locks and strength doth policie deface.

Yet though, when hunger moves an appetite,
We sometimes skirmish with the Kitchins store,
And here and there a little morsell bite,
And where we finde it fatter, eate the more :

For I have heard my father * say of old,
Which as a *maxime* we *Mice* doe hold,
Fetter the better (sure 'tis worth repeating)
A fat sweet modicum deserves the eating.

* *A good Axieme.*

And though sometimes (too seldome I confesse)
We light upon a *Capon* by the way,
Or fortune with a *Rabbit* doth us blesse,
Which is a dainty morsell at this day;
Or other pretty juncate which we finde,
And eate some part according to our kinde :
Yet are we not so greedy, as some say,
Which blame brave *Mice*, yet take the meat away.

For

Frogs and Mice.

For oft the greedy all-devouring *Cat*,
Which would be thought a safegard to the meat,
Doth under colour of her inward hate,
That ayé between us two is wondrous great,
Forrage the cupbords, kitchin, and the house,
Pretending hatred to the harmelesse *Mouce*:
But cert's let all beware of this device,
„ One greedy * *Cat* is worse then many *Mice*.
* *Too many of these Cats.*

Oft, when a *Pigeon*, or some dainty bit,
Chiefly for master or the mistris drest;
If any parcell be reserv'd of it,
To close their stomacke at another feast,
No sooner comes the morsell from the hall,
But servants take a part, or eate it all;
And when enquiry for this thing is made,
Still on the guiltlesse *Mouce* the fault is layd.

Surely I grant, it grieves me to the heart,
To beare these slanders and incessant wrong,
Which still they lay unto the *Mouces* part,
By their false lying and deceitfull tongue,
But in my sprite I scorne the vaine surmises
Which ev'ry cogging mate by craft deviles;
Yet smile to see the mistris of the house,
Vpon her servants shoulders beat the *Mouce*.

The Battell betwene

Nethlesse they cannot say but we will take
A dire revenge upon them for the lie;
And since no conscience in a lye they make,
Their lye shall prove a truth, or we will dye :
For not a hole or corner shall be free,
Where any scraps or broken meat we see;
But whatsoe're we finde, without delay
Wee le quickly eate it up, or beare away.

And yet thinke not (*Sir Frog*) we gallants live
Vpon the refuse scraps or broken meat;
Or feed on fragments which foule trenchers give,
When greazy scullions make them cleane and neat.
Farre be it from a lordly *Mouces* tooth,
To taste the trash that ev'ry *Pesant* doth;
Well knowes a discreet *Mouce* to choose the best,
Though he for anger often eate the rest.

Nor are we so faint-hearted, if we chance
To meet a *Pye* or *Pastie* by the way,
Whch like a *Castle* doth her selfe advance,
Scorning the battrie of our brave array;
But streight couragiously her wals we scale,
Or undermine them for to make her quaille :
If valour will not bring our wish to passe,
Our teeth shall pierce her crust as hard as brasse.

Sweet

Frogs and Mice.

Sweet cakes, fat puddings, curds, creame, are our
With bacon-flitches hanging in the house, (meate,
Delicious hony-sops which gods doe eat,
Are victuals onely for the gallant *Mouſe*.

No pleaſant juncates, no tooth-tempting fare,
Which huſwives locke up with no ſlender care,

* Yea, no delights the kitchen doth containe,
But in the danger of our teeth remaine.

** Yet oft more bold then welcome.*

Pale feare of death could never make me flye,
Nor ſafeguard of my life to leave the fight.

„ True valour will with honour rather dye,

„ Then like a coward live and take his flight,

But like a Souldier ſtout, and Captaine bold,

Still in the formoſt ranke my place I hold,

Where I enact ſuch wonders with my blade,

That troupes I ſend to death and duſky ſhade.

** Et cœlum territât armis.*

The might of bourly man I doe not dread,

Though other creatures live within his feare :

Oft dare I bite his hand, and ſcratch his head,

When he the ſilent night in ſleepe doth weare.

* I ſcorne his gins and his alluring bayt,

Set to intrap us cloſely by deceit :

Yet if therein the baſeſt *Mouſe* doe fall,

In our revenge his meate ſhall pay for all.

** Caſibus inſultas quos potes ipſe pati.*

Onely

The Battell betweene

Onely the *Owle* I dread, and eye-bright *Cat*,
Two cursed murderers in the dismall night, (*Rat*,
Whose monstrous jawes spare neither *Mouce* nor
But quicke devoure us without law or right :

Yet chiefly of the *Cat* I stand in feare,
Whose puling voyce I never love to heare;
A hel-bred *Harpie*, ranging round about,
Watching our comming in and going out.

* *Satietas nauseam parit.*

* I tell thee *Frog*, I lothe to live on weeds,
Roots, coleworts, garlick, or the foolish beet,
Or stinking mushrooms, growing with the reedes:
Such vulgar diet for base *Frogs* is meet :

Meat fit for *Frogs* which haunt the watry Fen,
Not for the gallant *Mouce* that feeds with men.
And here abruptly ending in disdain,
Thus smilingly the *Frog* replyde againe :

Stoutly thou brag'st upon thy costly cheare,
Thy dainty dishes and thy kingly fare;
Much honour to thy belly thou dost beare,
Vaunting what pleasures fall unto thy share,
And what a warlike heart in thee doth dwell,
Which pale-fac'd feare of death could never quell :
„ But reason shewes by daily practise found,
„ That empty vessels yeld the greatest sound.

And

Frogs and Mice.

And yet seeme not to scorne our russhy chayre,
Because your belly-pleasures doe abound :
With our delights no solace may compare,
That can among poore starved *Mice* be found.

Vpon the land we dance and sport our fill,
In water bathe our limmes (so *Ioue* doth will)

* Our cates are consonant unto our state,
Not mixt with poyson or deceitfull bayt.

* *Nulla aconita bibuntur fictilibus.*

And if the knowledge of the truth did move,

Or breed in thee a liking and delight,

Like to the radiant sonne of mighty *Ioue*,

When riding in his Carre he gives us light,

I to my palace will thee safely bring,

Sitting vpon the shoulders of a king :

* Leape on my neck, feare not the running maine,

I beare thee hence, I bring thee backe againe.

* *Credito, credenti nulla procella nocet.*

He had no sooner said, but bending downe

His back ; ,, though rare it is to see Kings bow ;

The lieger *Mouce*, lighter then thistle downe,

And swift as winde, which from the East doth blow,

Vpon his shoulders nimble leaps in hast,

And vaulting to his neck, doth there hold fast,

Proud of his stately Porter, as he might: (right.

,, For whom Kings beare, they may be proud by

Boldly

The Battell betweene .

Boldly the *Frog* doth launch out from the brim,
Into the current of the water cleare :
The *Mouſe* rejoycing for to ſee him ſwim,
Vpon his backe like * *Neptune* doth appeare,
When mounted on a Dolphin in his pride,
Vpon the tossing billowes he doth ride :
Or like the *Sonne*, clad in his morning weeds,
Drawne in his fiery waggon by his Steeds :
* *Neptune the god of the Sea.*

* *Maior ſum quam cui poſſit fortuna noſcere.*
* With ſo great port and princely majeſty
The little *Mouſe* upon the *Frog* did ſtand,
Proudly triumphing while the ſhore was nye,
And that he could at pleaſure ſkip to land.
Such great delights in water he did ſee,
Welneere he could deſire a *Frog* to be.
„ But as no ſtate can ſtable ſtand for aye :
„ So every pleaſure hath his ending day.

For when he ſaw the ſurging billowes riſe,
And on a ſudden fall as low as hell,
Such ſtore of teares did trickle from his eyes,
That their abundance made the water ſwell.
And now the waves bedaſh him more and more,
Tossing his corpes amid their watry ſtore,
With grieve he wrings his hands, & teares his ſkin:
Such wofull plight, pale feare had put him in.

Now

Frogs and Mice.

* *Galeatum sero duelli pœnitet.*

* Now doth he wish, though wishes take no place,
That on firme land he were arriv'd againe;
He curseth *Neptune*, and his trident Mace,
The troubled waters and the running maine;
Now, but too late (alas) doth he repent
His foolish rashnesse, cause of this event,
„ But after-wits like a showre of raine,
„ That fals untimely on the ripened graine.

His feet unto his belly he doth shrinke,
And on the *Frog* his backe doth closely sit,
Vsing his nimble tayle when he did sinke,
In stead of oare. „ Pale feare did learne him wit.
The flowing billowes mount above his head,
Speechlesse for sorrow, and for grieve halfe dead :
„ Yet death is not so bitter as cold feare, (peare.
„ Which makes things greater then they are, ap-

* *Hec quid agat ?*

* Sorrow triumpheth in the *Mouce* his brest,
Despaire doth sit as Marshall in his minde,
Danger and death on ev'ry side are prest,
Still to receive him at each puffe of winde :
„ But danger can the heart of pride ne're breake;
„ When fear hath staid the tong, yet pride wil speak
„ And though the waters wash the outward skin,
„ They cannot wash presumption within.

For

The Battell betweene

** Iupiter when he stole away Europa.*

For thus he fighting said, The gentle ** Bull*
Which *Ovid* doth applaud for knavery,
Did not convey to *Crete* his pretty trull
Vpon his necke with so great bravery,
As King of *Frogs* doth beare the gallant *Monce*
To see the pompe and pleasure of his house,
Plunging his limmes amid the water cleare,
Such confidence to swimming he doth beare.

He this no sooner said, but sudden feare
Did stop the passage of his further prate :
For loe, a water-*Serpent* did appeare,
A hellish torment to the *Frogs* estate, (way,
Which cutting through the running streame that
Winding himselfe to finde some floting prey,
The *Frog* espide: „What cannot feare descry,
„ Which joyn'd with care, prevents sad destiny?

** Cerberus is said to have three heads, and to be porter of hell.*

For he no sooner did the Snake behold,
Gaping like ** Cerberus* three-headed dog,
Ruffling his scaly neck which shone like gold,
But into water dives the wily *Frog*.

Leaving the *Monce* his friend, in sad lament,
Set forth to danger, death, and dire event :
„ For he which makes a friend of every stranger,
„ Discards him not againe without some danger.

The

Frogs and Mice.

The silly *Mouſe* diſtreſſed and forlorne,
Left to the mercy of the running mayne,
Vnto the bottome head-long downe is borne,
Where he, poore ſoule, in ſecret doth complaine,
Plunging with hands aloft now doth he fleet,
Then ſinking downe againe he ſtrikes with feet :
„ But when grim deſtiny doth once aſſaile,
„ No might, no ſhift, no force can then prevaile.

When therefore to approach he knew his death,
And that his wet haireſ furthered his woe,
Fate ſtill attendant for to ſtop his breath,
And death at hand to worke his overthrow,
Weeping for ſorrow, voyd of all reliefe,
Thus with himſelfe he ſigh'd to eaſe his griefe :
* „ For teares and ſighes, ſad orators of ſmart,
„ Though they releaſe not, yet they eaſe the heart.
* *Eſt quadam flere voluptas.*

Perfidious *Frog*, procurer of my wrack,
Accurſed Traytor to my fathers Crowne,
Thinke not though vengeance for a time be ſlack,
That thundring *Ioue* to whom all things are known,
Will be forgetfull of thy trechery,
Through whoſe deceit I dye in miſery,
Which from thy back, as off a rocke I ſtood,
Haſt thrown me, perjur'd wretch, amid the flood.

Well

The Battell betweene

Well thou perceiv'dst my valour and my might,
My worth, my courage, and agilitie,
Which like a dastard and faint-hearted wight,
At unawares hast wrought my tragedie.

By craft I dye in water, though on land
Thou durst not once attempt it with thy hand:
But God, whose dwelling is the starres among,
He knowes thy craft, & will revenge my wrong.

** Interdum lachryma pondera vocis habent.*

* The *Mice*, brave *Mice*, stern soldiers of stout *Mars*,
In troopes shall march against thy damned crue,
And shall pursue thee with such bloody wars,
That *Frogs* unborne yet shall have cause to rue.

Such balefull stratagems that day shall be,
As never cursed traytrous *Frog* did see :
„ For ne're shall murder unrevenge'd boast,
And with those words he yeelded up the ghost.

Lichopinax *Lick-trencher*, of great blood,
Sitting upon the grassie waters side,
Saw when the *Mouce* was drowned in the flood :
„ For murder by some chance will be espide;
And greatly weeping for the Princes fall,
Amayne he posteth to the Kings neate hall;
Where, to his *Grace* sitting with Lords of state,
He tels with griefe his sonnes unhappy fate.

When

Frogs and Mice.

When as his Majestie this newes did heare,
Sadly he tooke the Princes overthrow,
Downe from his throne he fell with heavy cheare,
And swooned in the place for grieve and woe.

His Nobles take him up without delay,
And on a royall pallet doe him lay,
Where he for sorrow sicke was like to dye :
„For childrens hurt neere fathers heart doth lye.

But all the Lords, though they were mal-content,
Griev'd for his death, which was their Kings sole
Yet like fell Lyons unto anger bent, (care,
A blacke revenge within their minds they sware.

With comfortable words they cheare their King,
Which somewhat did abate his sorrowing.

* Hope of revenge did to his stomacke pricke,
Now he is strong againe, which erst was sicke.

** Minuit vindicta dolorem.*

His messengers dispatched are apace,
To all the hungry corners in his land,
Commanding all his subjects in short space,
At Court before his Majestie to stand,
To learne his pleasure for his wofull sonne,
Whom the proud king of *Frogs* to death had don.
Whose corps lie buried in the rolling wave,
Wanting a royall Hearse as Princes have.

C

The

The Battell betweene

** The durtifulnesse of the Mice.*

* The time no sooner came, when ev'ry *Mouce*
Of any office, calling or degree,
In his owne person at the kings great House,
Before his Majestie should present be :
But all the Lords, knights, squires, & gentle *Mice*
Resort to Court before the sunne did rise,
The basest *Mouce* that had a tayle behinde,
Posted apace to know his Graces minde.

Within the Court assembled were the States,
And each one seated in his due degree,
The Commons stayed at the Palace gates,
Yet where they might the King both heare and see.
Then presently his Majestie came downe,
Clad like a mourner in a murrey gowne, (weake,
And from his throne, though grieve had made him
Yet angry for his sonne, thus did he speake :

** The Oration of the King of Mice.*

* Stout Peeres, brave Nobles, and my Captaines tall,
And you kinde subjects to your loving King,
Though to my part these mischiefes onely fall,
Which from my drearie eyes sad teares doe bring:
Yet to you all this dammage doth belong,
For Kings mishap to subjects is a wrong.
I like a father, you like friends complaine, (slaine.
Since cursed *Frogs*, my sonne, your Prince have
„ Great

24

Frogs and Mice.

* *Tenet auratum limen erinny's.*

„ * Great are the cares attend upon a throne,
„ And most misfortunes sit in *Cæsars* lap :
Then who so wretched as poore I alone,
Predestinate to nothing but mishap ?

Once happy in three children borne to me,
As pretty *Mice* as ever man did see.
But Fortune glad to triumph in my woe,
Hath brought my sorrow with their overthrow.

For first, the eldest scarce was two months old,
When playing like a wanton up and downe,
A grielly *Cat* the young *Mouſe* did behold,
And quickly caught him by the tender crowne.

Betweene whose cruell jawes my sonne did die,
Without remorse devoured traytrously.
A *Stygian* Butcher, knowne unto you all,
Whose teeth asunder teare both great and small.

My sonne next him, a little noble *Mouſe*,
Too ventrous for to live (O grieve to tell!)
Hunting for food within a Farmers house,
* Into an engyne made of wood he fell,
Invented by mans art and policie,
To crush and murder all our Progenie :
There (loving Subjects) dy'de my second childe,
Withrigour massacred, with craft beguild.

* *Frande perit virtus.*

The Battell betweene

And now my third, my last beloved sonne,
But best beloved sonne of all the three,
With whom my joyes doe end, my life is done,
Most deare to his Queene-mother and to me;
In whom decays the issue of my blood,
* Aye me, lyes buried in the raging flood,
Betrayd and drowned by the *Frogs* fell King,
To whom my sword sad elegies shall sing.

** Hinc ille lachryma.*

Then quickly arme your selves, to armes, he cries,
Fight for your King and Country without feare,
Pursue the *Frogs* your cursed enemies,
And gard your selves with helmet, shield and speare;
With courage shew your valour and your might,
The day is ours: for *Ioue* still aydes the right:
Brave Lords, kind subjects, fight couragiously,
God and Saint * *Gertrude* grant us victory.
* *She is holden patronesse over Mice.*

The King in anger here did make an end,
And presently dismissed all the crue,
Which all their studie and endeavours bend,
That black revenge and battell might ensue.
The Kings sad words did stirre them up so farre,
That nought they talke of now but bloody war.
And every *Mouce* from greatest to the least,
Prepares such weapons as will fit them best.

And

Frogs and Mice.

** The armes and weapons of the Mice.*

* And first, for legs, these never daunted *Mice*,
Warlike habiliments in haste provide,
Garded with huskes of pease (O rare device!)
As though with boots or start-ups they would ride:
„ Whose policy if this our age would trie,
„ So many maymed souldiers should not die:
„ For they which lose their legs, do lack their might
„ Nor can they fly, nor stoutly stand to fight.

Next with a corslet they defend the heart,
Not made of Steele, but of an old straw-hat,
With which before they did award that part,
Against the forces of the greedy *Cat*:

A piece of leather on their backe they don,
Which serves in stead of an habergion:
The bottome of a candlestickke doth stand
For target or a buckler in their hand.

** Gerimus que possumus arma.*

* Small brazen pinnes they brandish like a speare,
And toss their needles like strong pikes about;
A walnut shell for helmet they doe beare,
After that they had eate the kernell out.

And thus they march to fight that bloody fray,
Vaunting in armour and their proud array:

„ For weapons unto force fresh courage bring,
„ A *Mouce* in armes doth thinke himsele a king.

The Battell betweene

* *Res animos incognita turbat.*

* But when the trumpe of iron-winged Fame
Had sounded to the *Frogs* this bad report,
Out of the water in great troopes they came,
And on the shore together doe resort,
There to determine what the cause should be,
Of these strange warres and sudden mutinie :
Their dread increaseth by each brute they heare :
„ For feare of unknown things breed greater feare

* *Herald Eat-cheese.*

Whiles thus they stand perplexed and afraid,
* A *Herald* bold of Armes they might descry,
Eat-cheese Tyroglyphus, which not dismayd,
Dare stoutly to their face the *Frogs* defie,
Whom noble *Embassichytros* begot,
That slyly creepeth into ev'ry pot,
He bearing in his hand a regall mace,
Thus to the *Frogs* did speake in great disgrace :

To you disloyall *Frogs* that hunt for blood,
And to your King that wrought our Princes fall,
Drowning his body in the raging flood,
Whose death to heaven doth for vengeance call.
To you I come, sad messenger of woe,
From angry *Mice*, which wish your overthrow :
And here, in all their names, and from our King,
A flat defiance to base *Frogs* I bring.

Warres,

Frogs and Mice.

** Ingentes parturit iraminas.*

* Warres, hostile warres, accursed traytrous *Frogs*,
Here I denounce, and spit within your face,
Dann'd deceitfull wretches from your bogs
We will abolish your detested race :

Then arme your selves, for vengeance we will take
Vpon all *Frogs* for our brave princes sake.
If courage in your craven hearts doth dwell,
Meet us in open field: and so far well.

When he had said these words, as in disdain,
Scorning an answer from the *Frogs* to beate,
Forthwith he posted to the *Mice* againe,
Whose message put the *Frogs* in mighty feare: (more.
„ Yet feare breeds wrath, wrath kindles courage
That now windes rage which erst were calme be-
The King then rising from his chaire of state, (fore.
Gravely their valours thus did animate :

** The Oration of the King of Frogs.*

* Lords, Nobles, gallant *Frogs*, and all the Trayne
Which here attend to know our royall will,
Subjects, nay more then Subjects in our raigne,
For we are fellowes and companions still: (raine,
Vexe not your mindes, „ all clouds doe beare no
„ Nor in proud brags true valour doth remaine.
These are but words, fit bugs to scare the crows :
„ And cowards brags do seldome end with blows,

The Battell betweene

„ But if their meaning with their words agree,
„ Then doe they seeke to undermine our Crowne,
A forged quarrell they impose on me,
That I a proud audacious *Mouſe* should drowne :
And under this false colour they devise,
To cloke the treasons of their enterpriſe.
„ Each foole can finde a ſtaffe to beate a dog.
„ He muſt have both his eyes that blindes a *Frog*.

Heaven and earth to witneſſe I doe call,
And all the golden Planets of the ſkie,
That I attempted not the *Mouſes* fall,
Nor once remember I did ſee him die :

But this I thinke, that, playing on the brim,
Seeing the gallant *Frogs* ſo bravely ſwim,
He thought to doe the like, and leaped in,
Where he was juſtly plagued for his ſinne,

And now theſe lurking creatures, hungry *Mice*,
Which ſcarce dare ſhew their faces in the light,
A crue of greedy vermine, which deviſe
Nothing but ſtealth and rapine in the night :
Theſe doe unjuſtly charge me with his death,
Be cauſe within our reigne he loſt his breath :
But I will teach theſe proud audacious foales,
Not jeſt with kings, nor meddle with edge-tooles.

Then

Frogs and Mice.

Then friends, kind friends, & fellowes to your king,
Plucke up your spirits, banish slavish feares;
For in this warre, whence terrour seemes to spring,
Me thinks great joy and comfort still appeares,
Since gallant *Frogs*, whom nothing terrifies,
Fight with a starved troope of hungry *Mice*.
Courage, brave mates, take weapons, and to fight :
„ Fortune defends true valour in his right.

But since men may in warre sometimes prevayle,
As much by policy, as power or might,
And that where strength and prowesse often fayle,
Wit doth at length give succour to the right.

* I wish you arme your selves with speare & shield,
And march along the shore unto the field,
Where, on a hill which over-lookes the flood,
We will incampe our selves as in a wood.

* *A rare policy of the Frogs.*

When to this place these craven *Mice* convey
Their fearefull fouldiers, like a flocke of sheepe,
And to besiege our fortresse shall assay,

Where we upon the hill our forces keepe :

If any boasting *Mouce* upon the banke,
Dare but ascend one foot before his ranke,
Him we will all assaile in furious mood,
And cast his body headlong in the flood.

By

The Battell betweene

By this rare stratagem and brave devise,
We shall their malice and great pride abate :
Thus shall we conquer corner-creeping *Mice*,
Which would annoy our peace and quiet state.

* And thus with trophies and triumphing play,
We will like victors crowne our heads with bay.
Then arme your selves, brave mates, with speare &
„ God, and great *Neptune* grant us winne (shield.
(the field.

** Addidit invalida robur facundia causa,*

Here did he end, and scarce he made an end,
But all the *Frogs*, from greatest to the least,
For these ensuing warres their studies bend
To get such weapons as besit them best :

* First to their thighes green Malow they do wrap,
Which hang down like a bag or butchers flap.
Beets, like a cloke, upon their backe they don,
Which serves for brest-plate and habergion.

** The armour and weapons of the Frogs.*

A Cockles shell for sallet they prepare,
T'award their heads from blowes amid the field :
In their left hands these water-souldiers bare
A leafe of Colewort for a trusty shield,
And in their right (for all parts armed were)
They tesse a bulrush for a pike or speare.
Along the shore they march in this aray,
Mad with fell rage, yet glad to see this day.

Thus

Frogs and Mice.

* *A counsell assembled in heaven.*

Thus whil' st both armies did prepare to fight,
* Almighty *Ioue*, eternall, without end,
Invites the gods into his palace bright,
Whence ratling thunder, & bright flames descend :
And pointing with his finger downe below,
To them these puissant warriours doth he show,
Stout as the *Centayres* or the *Gyants* great;
Which once assai'd to pull *Ioue* from his seat.

* *Aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis.*

* Whom when the gods together did behold,
Marching like *Rhime-Braggarts* in aray,
And sternly shake their speares like champions bold,
As though no terrour could their hearts dismay,
They made the court of heaven with laughter ring;
Such pleasure and delight the sight did bring.
Then smiling *Ioue*, (deep silence kept a space)
Lift up his voyce, and spoke with royall grace :

* *Goddesse of warre.*

If *Frogs* and *Mice*, (quoth he) their patrons have,
Chast daughter *Pallas*, my * *Bellona* deere,
Tell us which side thou wilt protect and save,
Shall not the gallant *Mice* be victors here?

Great store of them within thy temples dwell,
Allured thither by the tempting smell,
Which still amounteth from thy sacrifice.

Pallas againe did answer in this wise :

Great

The Battell betweene

Great Lord of heav'n and earth, beloved Sire,
If you command, your daughter must obey,
My will subjected is to your desire,
„ For children cannot fathers hefts deny :
Yet force me not, kinde father, once to shield
These hunger-starved pyrats in the field,
False lurking creatures, greedy theevish *Mice*,
Whose teeth pollute my sweet-fat sacrifice.

Great are the wrongs and mitchiefes I abide,
By these detested vermine day and night,
Much they impaire my worship and my pride :
And shall I then defend them in this right ?
The hallow'd oyle, which sacred fire doth stay
Within my lamps, they steale and licke away :
My *crowns they gnaw, but these are losses small,
This is the hurt molests me most of all :
* *Crownes of victory.*

My brave ensigne embrodered all with gold,
Never brave ensigne was so rich of price,
Wherein my acts and triumphs were enrolld,
Is eaten, torne and spoyled by these *Mice*.
This is my hurt surpassing all the rest,
For this cause chiefly I these *Mice* detest :
And shall I, father, seeme to patronize
My foes, my wrongers, and sworne enemies ?
Ne're

Frogs and Mice.

Ne're these accursed beasts will I defend :
Command ought else, great *Love*, but pardon this :
Nor durty *Frogs Bellona* will befriend,
Whose joy and pleasure in foule puddles is.

For as I loath the *Mice* for sundry wrongs :
So I detest bale *Frogs* for croking songs,
Whose harsh unpleasant voyces in the night
Breed nought but terror to each mortall wight.

When I returne oft sweating from the warres,
And after fainting travell thinke to sleepe,
With their seditious brawles, and croking jarres,
Which in the filthy marishes they keepe :
Awake I lye, till mornings trumpeter
Gives warning for the day-starre to appeare,
And cheerfull Cock chants forth his wonted lay,
To shew the dawning of the joyfull day:

Though we are gods, yet let us all beware
To succour in our person either part :
For if these meete the gods, they will not spare
To strike them with their javelins to the heart :
But let us rather joy to see this fray,
Where we behold their ruine and decay.
Thus *Pallas* said. To whom incontinent
The heavenly *Senate* gave a full consent.

Meane

The Battell betweene

* *The battell.*

* Meane while both armies mustred on the plaine,
And place their wings and squadrons in aray,
From either part a *Herald* doth againe
Give signe for battell and the bloudy day.

The buzzing Flies, because they were of skill
To blow alowd their hornes and trumpets shrill,
A harsh *tantarra* found unto the fight, (might.
Which lends more courage to their wonted

Heaven and earth doth thunder with the cry,
When front to front these noble armies meet,
Loose waving in the winde their ensignes flie,
With wounds and fatall blowes each other greet.

The *Mice* assaile, the *Frogs* the fight accept,
In combat close each host to other stept :
For now the wings had skirmish hot begun,
And with their battels forth like Lyons run.

- But who was first amid this bloudy fight,
That gave the onlet first, first wanne renowne ?
Croaking Hypsibos, first like a knight,
Lick-taile Lichenor bravely tumbled downe,
Into his paunch so strong he thrust his speare,
That forth his backe behinde it did appeare,
Groveling the *Mouce* fell on the sandy plaine,
By this audacious *Frog* with valour slaine.

Next

Frogs and Mice.

Next him, *Troglodytes*, which not afraid,
Each seekes hole and corner creepeth in,
Gave *Pelion* the Frog, with durt berayd,
A deadly foile with his small brazen pin :
Within the wound the javeling sticketh sore,
And frō the veines forth streams the purple gore,
Thus to his end pale death this Frog did bring,
„ * Which kills the cairife with the crowned king.
* *Tendimus huc omnes.*

Pot-creeping Embasichytros, of late,
Whose valiant sonne did all the Frogs desie,
Now quite confounded by disastrous fate,
Devoid of life thy headles truncke doth lie
At hardy *Sentlem* his crooked feet,
A Frog which feeds on nothing but the beete.
And clam'rous *Polyphon* there lyes thou dead,
Slayne by *Artophagus* which eateth bread.

But when *Limnocharis* their deaths beheld,
Which in the marsh hath his whole delight,
The angry Frog, by love and ire compeld,
To sad revenge his pow'r and forces dight :
„ * Life must be paid with life, the Frog did cry,
„ Their deaths I will revenge, or with them dye.
„ Thus when true love, & valour guide the heart,
„ A cowards hand will play a souldiers part.
* *Mors morte pianda est.*

And

The Battell betweene

And from the ground a millstone in great hast
He raught: „ strange wonders courage doth enact :
And with great violence the same he cast,
At proud *Troglodites* as one distract :
In middle of his necke the stone did light,
Whereby he sleepeth in eternall night :
Thus bruised with the fall, this *Mouce* did lye,
Suffring the torments of deaths tyranny.

Yong *Lichenor*, his sonne that first was flaine,
A gallant *Mouce*, which did no colours feare,
Desirous, though with death, renowne to gaine,
That his exploits, ensuing times might heare,
Fierce butcher-like *Limnocharis* espide,
Whose weapons were with bloud in scarlet dide :
To whom he said, Fight coward, or else flie,
Thou or *Lichenor* here shall surely dye.

And with those words, ayming his heart to hit,
Strongly his javeling at the *Frog* he threw,
It pierc't his side, his brest and bowels split,
His vitall spirits from his body flew;
Dead lay *Limnocharis* upon the playne,
The bravest souldier in the watty trayne.
„ For death impartiall doth with one selfe hand,
„ Cut off the strong & weake at heavens command.

Cram-

Frogs and Mice.

Crambophagus, *Eat-Colewort*, which of late
Basely his armes and weapons cast away,
Thinking by flight to flie the stroke of fate,
Ran to the water from the mortall fray :

Whom *Lichenor*, more swift then he, pursude,
And in his hearts warm bloud his speare imbru'd :
Vpon the shore the dastard *Frog* was slaine,
Ere he could leape into the running maine.

Heroicall *Limnesus*, *Fennie Lord*,
Incens'd by mad rage, blacke furies brand,
The bold *Troglyphus* slew with the sword,
A great commander in the *Mouces* band.

Deepe holes and hollow caves he usde to deliue
Among the Cheeses lying on the shelve.

His head the *Frog* doth from his necke advance,
And in great triumph beares it on his lance.

* *So called of the herbe Calamint.*

Faint-hearted * *Calaminthis* in great feare,
Little in stature, and of courage small,
Beholding vast *Pternoglyphus* appeare,
A *Mouce* exceeding great, strong, bourly, tall.
And which in *bacon flitches*, holes doth make,
He doth his weapons with the field forsake,
And craven-like fled to the durty bogs,
„Even as the fearefull Hare pursude with dogs.

D

But

The Battell betweene

But bold *Hyd-echaris*, that loves the flood,
Famous for deeds of armes, would never flie;
The furious *Mouce* this peerelesse *Frog* withstood,
Nor would he shun a foot though he should die:
Lately *Pternophagon* this gallant killed,
Which oft with Bacon bath his belly filled:
Now with a stone, *Pternoglyphus* he slew,
Whose clodded brains the crimson field imbrew.

Lichopinax, which first told to the king
The balefull newes of his sonnes tragedie,
At *Borborocates* did his darts still fling:
A valiant *Frog*, though in the dart he lye.
Prostrate he fell upon the sandy ground,
The *Mouces* dart had made a mortall wound:
Whereat pale death sent forth his fainting sprite,
To sleepe in darkenesse and eternall night.

When this the *Frog Prassophagus* beheld,
Eat-Leeke Prassophagus, switt as the *Hynde*,
He ranne with mighty stowre along the field,
And taking *Cnissodsoctes* neate behind,
From off his feet the little *Mouce* he flung,
Into the streaming current all along,
Nor there he left him, till with raging mood
He had his foe estranged in the flood.

Eate

Frogs and Mice.

Eat-crums *Psicharpax*, which was neere allide
Vnto the kings yong sonne that erst was drown'd,
In succour of his friends the *Frogs* deside,
And to the battell made him ready bound,
Darty *Pelusus* in the panch he thrust,
Faintly the *Frog* sunke downe into the dust,
Whose fluttering spirit did her passage make,
Downe to * *Avernus* that unpleasant lake.
* *It is taken for the entry into hell.*

Peabacus, which loves to tread the myre,
Saw when his friend and fellow fou'dier fell,
And adding fuell to the smoking fire,
His furie into burning flames gan swell:
For filling both his hands with dirt apace,
He cast it fiercely in *Psicharpax* face,
Which much beameard his visage with disguise,
And almost blinded and put out his eyes.

But he the strong *Psicharpax* mov'd with spleene,
And justly angry at this beastly wrong,
Tooke up a mighty stone which there had beene
A bound or landmarke tweene two neighbours long,
And hurling it with vigour and great power,
He burst his knee asunder in that stower,
The right leg fell dismembred from his thigh,
And not once moving, on the ground doth lye.

The Battell betweene

Ne there he thought to leave him in sad plight,
But with a javelin would have reft his life,
Had not *Craugafides*, that croaking wight,
Whose chiefest pleasure is in brawling strife,
Kept off the blow, and with a sudden push,
Thrust through the *Mouce* his belly with a rush,
Vpon the ground his bowels gushed forth :
„ Thus di'de this martial hart, & *Mouce* of worth.

Which when *Eat-corne Sitophagus* espide,
That erst was maymed of two legs in fight,
Washing his wounds along the water side,
And sore amazed at this rufull fight,
He dared not adventure forth againe
Into the field, for feare he should be flaine :
But leapt into the strong entrenched fort,
Where he received was in joyfull fort.

Nethlesse the warlike troopes of eyther band,
Persisted still with courage in the field,
Great store lye flaine upon the drenched sand,
Yet not, for thy, a souldier seemes to yeeld :
„ Now fury roares, ire threats, & woe complains,
„ One weepes, another cryes, he sighes for paines.
„ The hosts both clad in bloud, in dust and myre,
„ Had chang'd their cheare, their pride, their rich
(attire.
Thus

Frogs and Mice.

Thus whiles the conquest was to neither bent,
But poizd in ballance betweene hope and feare,
Those two which hold the supreme government
O're both the armies which in battell were,

* The Kings of *Frogs* and *Mice* together meete,
Where they with mortal blows each other greet :
„ But cowards often faintly step aside,
„ When manhood is by resolution tride.
* *The conflict of the two kings.*

For scarce they had encountred in the fight,
And lent some equall strokes on either side,
When king of *Mice* thinking his foe to smite
Vpon the head, his sword to ground did glide,
But yet his foot it wounded when it fell,
Which blow did much his haughty courage quell:
For he which erst was author of this strife,
Now seekes the bogs for safegard of his life.

The valourous incensed king of *Mice*,
Seeing the *Frogs* proud king so basely flye,
Which was of late so resolute and wise,
To vaunt of trophies ere he blowes did try,
Calling his souldiers on with cheerefull hue,
His fainting weary foe he doth pursue,
Stil hoping (since his wound had made him slow)
To overtake him with a fatall blow.

The Battell betweene

And but that never-daunted Captaine brought,
Captaine *Prassens*, *Greene as garden-Leeke*,
A troope of gallants which would flie for ought,
To aide the king, his life had beene to seeke.

Which pressing through the middle of the fray,
Rescude their wounded king which fled away,
And with their darts beat backe the *Mice* a space,
Till forth of danger they had rid his grace.

Greatly the *Mice* were danted with their blowes,
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That they were forc'd from danger of the throwes,
Backe to retire and somewhat to relent,

Vntill their rage and furie were o'repast,
Through want of breath: then they againe as fast
The *Frogs* assaile, and mightily amate,
As forward erst, now backward to retraite.

Among the squadrons of the *Mouces* band,
One *Mouce* there was more gallant then the rest,
A braver souldier was not in the land,
Nor stouter Captaine ever wars profest:

For though sterne *Mars* his manhood list to try,
Mars could not force this daring *Mouce* to flie:
But when in armes this warriour is yclad,
He rather is of *Mars* to be ydrad.

This

Frogs and Mice.

This was the sonne of *Artepibulus*,
Which doth for bread in wait and ambush lye,
Of loftie heart and magnanimious,
A worthy sire to such a progenie,
Whom mighty *Meridarpax* he did call,
That eats the crummes which under table fall :
Was never *Mouce* which under heav'n doth live,
That durst adventure with him for to strive.

Like to a Gyant stood this champion bold,
Vpon the shore neere to the rivers side,
Vaunting his might and prowesse, as he would
Have pull'd the throne of *Jove* downe in his pride.
And holding up his bourly armes to heaven,
Swore by the *Sun*, the *Moone*, and *Planets* seven,
That e're bright *Phæbus* lighted from his wayne,
One craven *Frog* should not alive remaine.

For by this hand, quoth he, by this right hand,
(Searce would a man beleewe it though he sweare)
Though not a *Mouce* will venture them withstand,
But flie the field for cowardise and feare :

Yet I, behold I, will so thre^h these *Frogs*,
That with their corpes I will fill the bogs :
Or they, or I, by *Jove* this vow I make,
This night will lodge beyond the * *Strygian* lake.

* *A river in hell, over which soules doe passe
to all places.*

The Battell betweene

And cert's, these words had not beene spoke in vaine,
He had perform'd his vow: (though shame to tell)
If that the Father of the heav'nly traine,
The king of men, and Lord of deepest hell,
Great *Iove*, had not beheld from starry skyes
His dire complots and bloudy enterprife,
And taking pittie of the *Frogs* estate,
To *Mars* and all the rest thus gan relate.

Ye Gods, which here behold this dismal day,
And see the slaughters of the cruell fight,
What braggard *Mouſe* is this that beares such sway
Neere to the river, vaunting of his might
How bold he looks, how proud he bears his head,
As though the *Frogs* lay all before him dead,
Deepely protesting on the parched sand,
Not one poor *Frog* shall scape his murdering hand.

Divine inhabitants of heav'n, behold,
Behold, I say, alas, the wretched case,
And great mishap which doth poore *Frogs* enfold,
Now prest to suffer ruine and disgrace:
Vnlesse you deigne to save them at this houre,
And send in ayde some number of your power,
To quell the daring courage of the *Mice*,
And stop proud *Meridarpax* enterprife.

If

Frogs and Mice.

If that displease, then let us *Pallas* send
T'assuage the furie of this cruell sone :
Or thou sterne *Mars* haste thither for to wend,
Yclad in armes of Adamantine stone;

That this fell * *Tyger*, greedy of his prey,
E're he annoy the *Frogs*, may runne away.
Here *Iove* did end: But *Mars* of visage grim,
Arising from his seat, replide to him :

* *Meridarpax.*

Beloved Father, Lord of heav'n and hell,
To your behest all powr's subjected stand,
Which doe in heav'n or lower regions dwell,
None may or dare deny when you command :

Then think, sweet Father, *Mars* accounteth still
Your word for right, as law your only wil, (*Iove*,
„ Kings men command on earth, why should not
„ The King of Kings, command the gods above ?

Speake but the word, great *Mars* is alwayes prest,
At *Ioves* appoynt, in armes to enter field;
And for stout *Pallas*, at your least request,
I know my sister willingly will yeeld :

But neither I, though I be god of warres,
Nor *Pallas*, whose renown doth reach the starres,
Now are of force the falling *Frogs* to stay,
Or them preserve from imminent decay.

No

The Battell betweene

No, rather send the gods, send all the power,
That highest heavenly *Hierarchies* can make,
Or on their heads lightning with thunder shower,
(That all their armie may with terroure quake)
With which thou flyw'st the Giants long agoe,
* *Enceladus*, and proud * *Apolloes* sonne.
Thus ended f owning *Mars*. To whose behest
1 Great *Ioue* gave full consent, with all the rest.
* *A great Giant which Iupiter slew with lightning.*
* *Phaeton, he was slayne with thunder.*

And presently ascending up the tower,
Where sulphurous brands with stony darts of fire,
And all the weapons of his might and power
Are kep'd, to plague proud rebels in his ire :
First, there he caus'd great gastly flames arise,
And thunder-claps, that seem'd to rend the skies,
And still among this hideous roaring sound,
He darted burning bolts the *Mice* to wound.

Pale feare assayled both the *Frogs* and *Mice*,
When first on sudden they the thunder heard,
So great a terroure in their mindes did rise,
As though with spirits they had beene askard :
„ For who in's brest so stout a heart doth beare,
„ That when heav'ns thunder, doth not quake for
„ (feare,
„ And stand amaz'd to view with mortall eyes,
„ When angry *Ioue* darts lightning from the skies?
Neth-

Frogs and Mice.

Nethlesse, although the *Mice* were much dismayd,
To heare the sound, and see the fearefull fight,
Yet left they not the battell as afayd,
But stood with greater courage to the fight.

„ * Certes, true valour may recoyle a space,
„ Yet still her force renues with greater grace.
Fiercer they rage than erst they did before :
Such heapes of *Frogs* lye slaine upon the shore.

* *Apparet virtus, arguiturque malis.*

When angry *Ioue* beheld with rufull eye,
For all his care, the *Frogs* still goe to wracke,
And see the *Mice* more desperate hereby,
Scorning his lightnings and harsh thunder-cracke,
He wept to view their slaughter and decay :
And now he thought to try a surer way,
By other meanes the *Frogs* from death to shend :
„ For whom God loves, he favours to the end.

From forth the Cesterne of the Ocean deepe,
Whence rivers both their springs and tydes renue,
* An ugly swarme of filthy monsters creepe,
A foule infernall and ill-favour'd crue,
Which still goe backward with a squinting eye,
To see before their footsteps what doth lye :
„ For thus doth mother nature alwayes ayme,
„ For each defect a remedy to frame.

* *The description of the Crabs.*

Excee-

The Battell betweene

Exceeding were their shoulders out of square;
So broad, so great, as irkes my muse to tell :
Their bald blue backe withouten skin or haire,
Was all o'rewhelmed with a costive shell,
As hard as Iron, or the flinty stones.
Their bodies wholly were compact of bones.
Before their ugly face two clawes beare sway,
With which they wont to grope & feele their way.

On eyther side of their deformed brest,
Foure crooked legs their grievous burden beare :
Two sterne grim lowring eyes by natures heft,
In middle of their belly did appeare.
Their griesly crownes seem'd cloven into three;
On two whereof like helmets you might see.
So vile a brood of fell mishapen Snakes
Ne're could be found, but in th'internall lakes.

These monstrous ugly *Crabs* (for *Crabs* they were)
Crawling along the spacious continent,
When *Iove* beheld from out his Palace cleare,
Which lyes beyond the spangled firmament,
He sent the hel-bred band unto the fray,
To kull the *Mice*, or make them runne away.
The *Crabs* obeyd, „ nor take they care for armes;
„ Their shels wil keep them safe fro greatest harms.
No

Frogs and Mice. .

No sooner were they come unto the fight,
Where warlike *Mice* their enemies assaile,
But all at once the *Crabs* upon them light,
Asunder breake their legs, bite off their rayle,
Their javelins pluck away, & pinch their hands,
Nothing their savage cruelty withstands:
So Tiger-like upon the *Mice* they prey,
As would perforce the stoutest heart afay.

But when the *Mice* beheld these monsters rage,
So dire and bloody as doth grieve me tell,
Their haughty courage some deale gan asswage,
Their hearts from wonted resolution fell;
Their armes they throw away, the field forsake,
And to their heeles for safegard them betake:
„ For if both heaven and hell conspire decay,
„ No marvell though poor *Mice* do runne away.

Thus by the succour of the *Crabs* that day,
The *Mice* were forced to a shamefull flight,
The *Frogs* preserv'd from imminent decay,
Which else had slept in death and endlesse night.
And now the welked *Phæbus* gan to rest
His wearied waggon in the scarlet West,
When sullen night prepar'd her course to runne,
Seal'd up the battell with the setting Sunne.

The

The conclusion of the *Translator*.

Loe, in a vaile presented to thine eye,
Among more lessons worthy due regard,
Of trifling jarres and foolish enmity,
The ominous successe and just reward.
See then from strife and discord thou refraine,
Lest sad repentance breed thy further paine :
„ For if * blacke *Crabs* doe chance to part the fray,
„ Small is their gaine that beare the best away.

* *Hodie sub hominum specie, Cranchi can-
sas agunt.*

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Et facit ad mores ars quoque nostra bonos.

FINIS,

To

To his Cousin, Master *Ambrose*
Hargreaves health.

WHether a secret influence from above,
Or supernaturall motion of the mind,
May seeme good-liking, and affection move,
Among those men whom kindred had com-
Or whether nature, Cousin, us inclin'd, (bind:
So highly to esteeme affinitie,
I cannot easly judge, nor causes finde,
Why we so favour consanguinity.
But cert's the worke is from divinitie.

And whence this inward motion doth arise,
Is for my purpose needlesse to decide,
Sithence we finde it true, whom bloud allies,
In league of friendship commonly abide,
And in the band of love are nearer ty'd:
Nethlesse when other causes beare a sway,
To move good will, it cannot be denide,
But then it is more firme, as is the day,
Brighter when Phœbus doth his beames display.

Yet since first kindred doth command as due,
An interchange of amity and love,
Much, I confesse, for this I favour you,
In whom the gifts of wit and learning move,

Which

*Which more confirme what here I seeke to prove:
But that you live old Hargreves onely sonne,
Whose blessed soule rests in the armes of Iove,
And in the bosome of the Holy one;
This hath the key of my affection.*

*This hath the greatest intrest in my heart,
And deeper stands infixed in my brest,
Then either kindred, or the gifts of art,
Or what blinde Nature doth esteeme as best:
For though I held him deare, I doe protest,
Before his passage from this vale of woe,
Yet now enthron'd in everlasting rest,
Much more I love; we seldome fully know
True Vertues worth, till vertue we forgoe.*

*Gone is the starre, whose lustre beautifide
Each twinkling light that Northren climats bred,
Yet though that clouds obscure Apollo's pride,
With greater glory soone he shewes his head:
So though we thinke renowned Hargreve dead;
His life eclipsed by the clouds of fate,
No myst or darknesse can so overspread
His livers true honour, or his praise abate,
But still it shines abroad in fresher state.*

*What should I thinke to set his praises forth;
Which farre exceeds the compasse of my braine?*

Too lofty subject for my simple worth,
Nor can I easily reach so high a strayne,
Which never tasted that immortall wayne,
Flowing with Nectar downe the sacred hill,
Where those nine virgin-Muses aye remaine,
Which learned heads with heavenly fury fill,
 ! drop arts drearyment into their quill.

* A Giant with a hundred hands.
Nethlesse, although so many tongues I had,
As * Briareus had bands great Homer sayes,
In habit of sweet eloquence yclad,
To blazon to the world his vertuous dayes,
I should but give an Eccho to his praise,
And much abridge the volume of his story :
Vertue is best to crowne her selfe with Bayes,
And Hargreves worth to register his glory,
Which still survives, though life be transitorie.

In spite of envy, slander, death and hell,
Hargreve revives from prison of the grave;
Above the bankes of Fame his praises swell,
Since hissing Serpents sought him to deprave:
When Vertue most is spurn'd, she growes most brave.
Yet he which in his life was unrevil'd,
In whom vile Malice could no vantage have,
After his death by slander is defil'd :
But Vertues meed hath infamy beguild:

For forth the ashes of foule Obloquie,
Burn'd with the firebrands of slanderous Lyes,
This peerelesse Phoenix, crown'd with victory,
Still doth renue himselfe and never dyes,
And on the wings of Honour mounts the skies,
Whereas his soule rests in Iehovah's arme,
Scorning the checks of dunghill Scarabies,
And all the bitings of that viprous swarme,
Whose tongues are ever prest to worke his harme.

Cousin, we thinke the mysterie is deepe,
That they which Shepheards doe in shew appeare,
Clad in the habite of a simple sheepe,
Whom neither pride nor envy commeth neere,
Should be transformed to an ugly Beare,
And play the Wolfe so fitly in the end,
As a dead man asunder for to teare,
Whom in their life they never durst offend,
Proving a savage Vulture to their friend.

Yet thus, we see, some Cookes are wont to use
The silly sheep, which whilst he breathes the ayre,
They never dare adventure to abuse,
Or seeke the harmelesse creature to impayre :
But when the bloody Butcher doth not spare
Within his throte to sheath the murthering blade,
They streight disioynt his members without care,
And cut and mangle him before them layd,
More cruell then the Butcher by their trade.

Need-

Needlesse it is my meaning to unfold:
Your Eagles eyes will quickly see the Sunne;
All that shewes faire, is not refined gold;
Nor all pure vestals which in cloysters wonne:
Sometimes a Wolfe a Shepheards weed will don:
And starved Snakes, as Esope wisely told,
Preserv'd through pity from destruction.
When fire hath freed their joynts benum'd with cold,
Will hisse their friend, like Serpents from his hold.

Pardon me, Cousin, though I seeme too bold,
T'unrip the Cankers of a festred sore,
Too much I grieve to heare him thus controld,
And falsly slandred by a grunting Bore,
And by a heard of swine, which erst before,
When famous Hargreve liv'd, like dogs did flatter:
Yet heav'n I hope, which indgements hath in store,
Will first or last reward them for this matter:
And turne the case on shore when tydes want water.

Longer I will not aggravate their shame,
Broaching the caske of their unnat'rall sinne:
Well can the world testifie the same,
How thanklesse and ungratefull they have bin,
And how iniurious still they dealt herein:
But since the world neglects a dead mans wrong,
My Muse, albe't she be both bare and thin,
Is not afraid, though envies part be strong,
To let them know th' abuses of their tongue.

But let the wicked band themselves in one,
To worke true vertues ruine and decay:
Tread you the path your father erst hath gone,
And feare not what the proud can doe or say:
For though ambition seeme to beare a sway,
And envies sting procure the just mans smart,
Truth will advance her cause as cleare as day,
And turne the scandall of detractions dart,
Vpon themselves, with shame and grieve of heart.

Well could you beate (I know) the billowes backe,
Which seeke to orewhelme the Bark of Hargreves name:
But never tempest can his vessell cracke,
Since Vertue serves as Anchor to his fame:
Deigne therefore, Cousin, to protect from blame
This simple worke, that like as Hargreves friend
Stands in the front to patronize the same;
So Hargreves sonne in fine will it defend,
Lest Curres doe bite behind what I have pend.

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FINIS

